

## New Year's Gifts.

THE sun was setting in a blaze of glory. Its last rays were gilding the clouds near the horizon with the most gorgeous brilliancy, magnificent as our fancy might paint the very gates of Heaven, and the entire firmament was suffused with a radiance more or less intense. One rose-tinted cloud floating high in the blue ether seemed peopled with shadowy forms, and more than one upward gaze turned towards its more than earthly beauty. Indeed what seemed to mortal eyes but the fantastic form of the cloud itself, was in reality something beyond our material vision. The day was drawing to a close and three bright spirits each with a living, breathing soul to guide through the labyrinth of life, met on their journey through infinite space, and floating serenely along on the crest of the passing cloud held sweet converse. The gentle hum of their voices sounded to human ears like the soft whispering of the evening zephyr or like the last fading notes of some sweet symphony. In truth it was the far away echo of celestial voices.

It was nearing the dawn of the new year. The last day of the old year was passing rapidly into eternity with its harvest of graces and blessings to all the world, garnered in months of prayer and penance and sacrifice. And the angels spoke, each to the other, of the New Year's gifts they were commissioned to bear to their respective charges.

The first angel spoke thus: "Many years ago our dear Lord gave into my charge a new-born infant. I was to guard and guide it through life and bring it at last to His feet in Heaven. I have labored now for more than three-score years and ten. In her earliest years she was a somewhat wayward child, but by a course of religious training she became from the time of her first Communion a model of piety and holiness. At this time she was enrolled as a member of the Confraternity of the most Holy Rosary, and all through the succeeding years she has been a most devout client of our Blessed Mother. Life for her has had